



STRICTLY
4 MY
MINGGAN

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

2Pac Lyrics

"Holla If Ya Hear Me"

(from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

Aww yeah, uhh, uhh
Holla if ya hear me, yeah

Here we go, turn it up, let's start
From block to block we snatching hearts and jacking marks
And the punk police can't fade me, and maybe
We can have peace someday, G
But right now I got my mind set up
Looking down the barrel of my nine, get up
Cause it's time to make the payback fat
To my brothers on the block better stay strapped, black
And accept no substitutes
I bring truth to the youth tear the roof off the whole school
Oh no, I won't turn the other cheek
In case ya can't see us while we burn the other week
Now we got a nigga smash, blast
How long will it last 'til the po' getting mo' cash
Until then, raise up!
Tell my young black males, blaze up!
Life's a mess don't stress, test
I'm giving but be thankful that you're living, blessed
Much love to my brothers in the pen
See ya when they free ya if not when they shove me in
Once again it's an all out scrap
Keep your hands on ya gat, and now ya boys watch ya back
Cause in the alleys out in Cali I'mma tell ya
Mess with the best and the vest couldn't help ya
Scream, if ya feel me; see it clearly?
You're too near me -

[several times w/ minor variations:]

[2Pac:]

Holler if ya hear me!

[Sample:]

"Hard"

"Tellin' you to hear it"

"The rebel"

Pump ya fists like this
Holla if ya hear me
PUMP PUMP if you're pissed
To the sell-outs, living it up
One way or another you'll be giving it up, huh
I guess cause I'm black born
I'm supposed to say peace, sing songs, and get capped on
But it's time for a new plan, BAM!
I'll be swinging like a one man, clan
Here we go, turn it up, don't stop
To my homies on the block getting dropped by cops

I'm still around for ya
Keeping my sound underground for ya
And I'mma throw a change up
Quayle, like you never brought my name up
Now my homies in the backstreets, the blackstreets
They feel me when they rolling in they fat jeeps
This ain't just a rap song, a black song
Telling all my brothers, get they strap on
And look for me in the struggle
Hustling 'til other brothers bubble -

[several times w/ minor variations:]

[2Pac:]

Holler if ya hear me!

[Sample:]

"Hard"

"Tellin' you to hear it"

"The rebel"

Will I quit, will I quit?

They claim that I'm violent, but still I keep
Representing, never give up on a good thing
Wouldn't stop it if we could it's a hood thing

And now I'm like a major threat

Cause I remind you of the things you were made to forget

Bring the noise, to all my boyz

Know the real from the bustas and the decoys

And if ya hustle like a real G

Pump ya fists if ya feel me, holla if ya hear me

Learn to survive in the nine-tre'

I make rhyme pay, others make crime pay

Whatever it takes to live and stand

Cause nobody else'll give a damn

So we live like caged beasts

Waiting for the day to let the rage free

Still me, till they kill me

I love it when they fear me -

[several times w/ minor variations:]

[2Pac:]

Holler if ya hear me!

[Sample:]

"Hard"

"Tellin' you to hear it"

"The rebel"

[2Pac:] You're too near me, to see it clearly

[several times w/ minor variations:]

[2Pac:]

Holler if ya hear me!

[Sample:]

"Hard"

"Tellin' you to hear it"

"The rebel"

2Pac Lyrics

"Pac's Theme (Interlude)"
(feat. Dan Quayle)

[Statements variously said throughout song]

[Statements — 2pac (Dan Quayle):]

I was raised in this society so there's no way
You can expect me to be a perfect person cuz I'm a do what I'm a do
I am still thirsty
(There is absolutely no reason for a record like this to be published
It has no place in our society.)
They gotta understand me
(Withdraw on this record.)
That's how I feel I'm a do whatever I like. I am not a role model

Writer(s): Deon Evans, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Buddy Guy, Amos Blakemore

2Pac Lyrics

"Point The Finga"

"You could get the finger.. the middle!"
"Come and get some!"

[2Pac:]

Ahh yeah, they love to point the finger
"You could get the finger.. the middle!"
"Come and get some!"

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch
You could get the finger...the middle!

[4x]

[2Pac:]

I thought I hit rock bottom, they ban my album, point the finga
I guess nobody loves a real nigga-slash-rap singer
I thought I'd bring a little truth to the young troops
I brought proof that the niggas need guns too
It's not to be a racist, but let's face this:
wouldn't you if we could trade places?
I got lynched by some crooked cops, and to this day
them same motherfuckers on the beat getting major paid
But when I get my check they taking tax out
So, we paying for these pigs to knock the blacks out
Ain't that a bitch, some officers are getting rich
Whooping on thugs and robbing drug dealers for they shit
As far as jealousy, being a celebrity
No matter who committed the crime, they all yell at me
And the media is greedier than most
You could sell em your soul or they'll be on ya til a niggas ghost
And everyday I read the paper there's another lie
They show my picture for the crimes of another guy
Now how's that for the life of a big shot
A dead cop, a law suit, a little kid shot
I play them nuttin ass marks in the park
for trying to earn they stripes in the dark
Just cause I come there, don't mean I from there, peep:
only jealous motherfuckers beef, and point the finga

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch
You could get the finger...the middle!

[4x]

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch
"You could get the finger.. the middle!"
"Come and get some!"

[2Pac:]

As I run up on em madman, a nutcase with a screw loose
A zoot troupe full of foolies with toolies
Niggas run to me don't come to me with beef

Take your jewels and your jeep, boom boom! Let that ass sleep
It's getting hectic, niggas run, quick
Buckshots are the payback for dumb shit
All you niggas on the block trying to test me
Best wear a vest or get open like, sesame
I'll run up on you mad deep; while you're trying to sleep
I'm steady pumping bullets in your sheets
Wake up, motherfucker, don't stutter
Point blank by a nigga from the gutter, yeah!
Gimme mine, gimme mine, gimme, mine
Ban my rhymes, now I'm back to busting, nines
And bustaz can't get none, hell no
A quick flurry and he's buried with a swelled jaw
I came up from the amateurs to pro hits
at 5-0, so you know I take no shit
And everybody wants to kill a bringer
of bad news, so they choose, to point the finga

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch
You could get the finger...the middle!

[4x]

[2Pac:]

One two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
I bring skills and I build, kill at will
Smoke sess til I'm ill, still feel me?
I say one two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
Pick it up, pick it up, give it up
Best to duck or get fucked for your bucks
Scream one two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
I can't give up, it's a black thang
And I ain't going back to the crack game
(You can do it son; be a man and stand up or run)
Bitches, let em point the finga
(You can do it son; be a man and stand up or run)
Snitches, let em point the finga
Yo, one two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
I guess nobody loves a rap singer
That's why these motherfuckers.. (hahaha!) point the finga

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch!
You could get the finga! The middle!

[11x]

2Pac Lyrics

"Something 2 Die 4 (Interlude)"
(feat. Dave Hollister)

Ghetto!
[*laughter echoes*]
I've changed?
You motherfuckers kill me....
I've changed?

It ain't that I've changed
But it's strange how you motherfuckers rearrange
When I found fame
Point ya finger at tha bad guy!

You know what my momma used to tell me
If ya can't find something to live for...
...then you BEST, find something ta die for

[Curtis Mayfield:] "If there's hell below, we're all gonna go!"
[*repeat the above throughout*]

Deep deep

La'tasha Harlins, remember that name...
Cause a bottle of juice... ain't something to die for

Young Quaid, remember that name...
Cause all you motherfuckers
That go to your grave with that name on your brain
Cause jealousy and recklessness is NOT, something to die for

All you niggas out there [*echoed laughter*]
Look how the cracker crumbles
When I say 'all you niggas' (all you niggas)

Unite
One nigga, teach two niggas
Four niggas teach more niggas
All the poor niggas
The pen niggas
The rich niggas
The strong niggas
UNITE

There's more of us than there is of them
Look around...
Check your strip

Deep deep
That's something to die for

Black

That's something to live for

What do I know?

Writer(s): Curtis Mayfield, Deon Evans, Tupac Amaru Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Last Wordz"

(feat. Ice Cube, Ice-T)

Got any last words
Yeah I've got some last words
Ice Cube's in the muthafuckin' house
The nigga you love to hate

[Ice Cube:]

Here comes the nigga with the ruff, the terror
The paranoid, gots to get the boy
Get your steel cause I feel like a headbanger
Yeah I got a gang of shits, styles guns
My Uzi weighs a motherfucking ton
Bucking down one, bucking down two
Bucking down your crew, mutha fuck you
Pigs wear blue, I wear black, nothing but black
Cause Goddamn it's a brand new payback
Fuck Pat Sajak, never did nothing for a nigga
On the trigger the zigga the zag the nickel the bag
The nigga the sag the forty four mag got you running like a fag
So, keep your muthafucking jokes
Cuz, I'm that nigga with a fresh pair of locs
No yokes but smokes
Crakers and them dirty mackers friends aren't jackers
Get yah for your drawers, young niggas out to kill for the cause

Ice-T in the motherfucking house

L.A. Playa

[Ice-T:]

O- to the muthafuckin G, I break crazy
A lot of niggas hate me but they can't fade me
Stop me, clock me, cops wanna Glock me
But the punk motherfucking pigs can't stop me
UHH am I a G, I got proof
Banged in my youth, keep niggas on the roof
With a scope, dough, Cube keep the rope
2Pac'll string a nigga up if the mob don't
So whats up, punk?
You want what I got, step to me wrong fuck around and get shot
Your moms crying fuck her bust her
Bitch start screaming to me and I'll dust her
Pops got the LP phat, track on hit
Laid by the mutha fuckin' Bobcat
Ninety three suckas want me to go out
Throw the ho out, bitch muthafucker I'm rich

2Pac's in the muthafucking house

Nigga I'm loc'd, 2Pac's gonna get'cha motherfuckers
Got any last words

[2Pac:]

Now they're after me, why?, cause a nigga's Black
Spittin' facts and ain't afraid to pull a trigger back
Let em come step to a real muthafucker
(Boom Boom) Mama ain't raised no suckers
Dan Quayle, don't you know you need to get your ass kicked
Where was you when there was niggas in the caskets
Muthafucker Rednecks all the same
Fear a real nigga if he ain't balled and chained
That's why we burn shit and wreck
Cause the punk police ain't learned shit yet
You mutha-fuckas gonna pay the price
Can't make a Black life, don't take a Black life
It's on, the next real nigga fall dead
Dread, jheri curl, process, or bald head
Be prepared for the smoke to bust
What niggas need to do is start loc'in up
United we stand divided we fall
They can shoot one nigga, but they can't take us all
Let's get along with the Mexicans
And we can all have peace on the sets again
Imagine that if it took place (ha ha ha)
Keeping the smile off they White face
I ain't racist but lets trade places
Trace the hate 'n face it
One nigga teach two niggas
Three teach four niggas
And them niggas teach more niggas
And when we blast
That'll be the biggest blast you've heard
And them is my last wordz

Writer(s): Tracy Lauren Marrow, James Banks, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Jackson O'Shea, Henderson Thigpen, Eddie Marion, Ervin
Bobby Younger

2Pac Lyrics

"Souljah's Revenge"

[Lawyer:]

Mr. Shakur, can you please explain the meaning behind your violent lyrics?

[2Pac:]

Explain the meaning?

The fuck these niggas talking bout?

[*sounds of running and sirens in background*]

[Kid:] Damn...

[Cop:] Police, FREEZE!

[Kid:] Can't get shit off!

[Cop:] I said FREEZE you miserable black son of a bitch!

[Kid:] What, come on, come on!

[*gun shot*]

My attitude is shitty

My message to the censorship committee

Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?

The critics or the cops?

The courts or the crooks, don't look so confused

Take a closer look:

Niggas get they neck broke daily

Trying to stay jail free

What the fuck does Quayle know

What young black males need?

Please tell me

Message to the censorship committee

Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?

Huh, I pack a nine millimeter cause I gotta

Living hotter than the 4th of July, if I gotta die, I gotta

Momma told me, "Don't let em fade me..."

...nigga don't let em make you crazy!"

Game is what she gave me

Gotta watch your back, strapped

Real niggas rat-pack

If you get your ass taxed, bring a gat back

That's not the way we made it

That's just the way it is

Slangin rocks, fed a nigga's kids

I came up

My message to the censorship committee

Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?

Cops pull me over, check my plates, but I'm legal

You couldn't get me, figure fuck with a niggas people

They got me trapped, gat with the motherfucking hammer back

Cops on my back, just cause I'm black, SNAP

Now I'm guilty?

Message to the censorship committee

Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?
All you punk police will never find peace
On the streets til the niggas get a piece, fuck em!

They kill you to control ya
Pay top dollar for your soul
Real niggas don't fold, straight souljah!
Can't find peace on the streets

Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, hear them screaming
Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets

Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, hear them screaming
(I hear ya!)

Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets

Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, screaming
(I hear ya!)

Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets

Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, screaming
(I hear ya!)

Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets

Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police (I hear ya!)

Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets

Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police (I hear ya!)

Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets

Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police (I hear ya!)

The niggas scream fuck em!

Motherfucking punk police (I hear ya!)

Thinking they run the motherfucking streets

It's mo' niggas than it's police

Think (I hear ya!)

One nigga, teach two niggas

Teach three niggas, teach fo' niggas (I hear ya!)

Teach mo' niggas, and we could run this shit!

I hear ya!

They finally pulled me over and I laughed
Remember Rodney King and I blast on his punk ass (I hear ya!)
[10x]

Writer(s): Ervin, Charles, Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Peep Game"

(feat. Threat)

[2Pac:]

So what the fuck you talking about?! Aw, shit
Goody, goody, gumdrops
Nigga, get your hoodie and your gun cocked
Rock it till the drum stops, hip hop
Even if my shit flip flop
It probably wouldn't stop, talk shit and get socked
How ya hang em?
Know a realer nigga? You could bring him
If I don't represent the shit, I'll kick it
We could sway him, hunh! As if I know ya
Then I could show ya
But if I don't know, I gotta .44 fo' ya
So, so peep game, at point blank range
The fame can't change what the game maintains
Strange! Went against the grain
Aw shit! Flick or no flick I trips for no bitch
Catch up on your pimpin', I ain't simpin', I'm a diss her
Couldn't be my sister if she's actin' like I missed her
Tell me why they, tell me why they, tell me why they play me
Don't these niggas know that neither one of y'all can fade me
I ain't big, I ain't buff, I ain't deisel
But fuck wit 2Pac and pop goes the weasel
Me and Threat made a bet on how many fellas
Would jock a mothafuckin' real nigga cause they jealous
They do it for the fame
Explain, insane
What's in a name? What's in a name?
Peep game

[Deadly Threat:]

Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[Deadly Threat:]

Killa Cali
The state where they kill
Down wit Oaktown? What's up homie, can I chill?
The bitches looking funny
Film at elev,film at eleven wit they minds on they heaven
Wit they .357
-Where you at?
-On the freeway, leaving LA
-OK, see you when get here loc
-OK
-Here I am. Here I am
-Goddamn that was quick

-Told ya I was coming. Who is that? Is that your woman?
-Na, that's just a hoochie looking for some juice
-What's up my nigga? What ya know? A nigga got a little bigger
That's all folks know
Fat gold ropes
Gotta keep a low key for my attack
When I approach, I want the diamonds, the pearls
The round the way girls
Cuz baby got, baby got back out this world
Would you give a fee? Never
Fly like a feather
Make more money than your daddy and your mama put together
The game is to be sold, not to be told
So buy it
Can't afford it?
Low budget hoes gotta brother
Peep game

[Deadly Threat:]

Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[Deadly Threat:]

Don't sell out
Get the hell out
Cause here I come
Hit em with my bop gun
They came and they blast
We got witt they ass
And oh, pop this vest and all the rest of that mess
Coming through like Terminator 2
Boost your crew cuz we ain't afraid of you
You know what time it is wit me once the clock stike 3
We going coo-coo for Cocoa Puffs. Whooo eeii!!!

[Deadly Threat:]

Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[2Pac:]

Time to get paid, time to get paid. Check
Time to represent the west homie, nuttin' but a vest on me
Got my hands on my Glock, eyes on the prize
First sucka jump, first nigga die
Gimme mine, gimme mine, gimme mine like I told ya
Hard as a boulder
Motha fuckin soulja
Boom bam boom!! It's a stick up
Vice president Dan Quayle eat a dick up
Peep game

[Deadly Threat:]

Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[2Pac:]

Punk mothafucka

Fuck all those mothafuckas, they all can eat a mothafucking dick up

Word up. Fuck the police. I don't give a fuck

Bobcat in this mothafucka boy

Big up! Big up! To the criminals

Fuck em

"This is serious business"

Yeah, microphone mafia

2Pac, Threat, Bobcat

93 shot

Yeah nigga, bitch

2Pac Lyrics

"Strugglin"

(feat. Live Squad)

Eat a dick up

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

[Stretch of Live Squad:]

Struggling, juggling, got it to the black man
Eating the scams like I was motherfucking Pac Man
Cops step off, you know the flavor
They fear the ruffneck niggas with the lunatic behavior
And now we gotta eat, gotta make ends meet
Stabbing for a fee, it gets hard on the fucking streets
It's like a madness, fuck making gravy
I rhyme and do crimes, cause either way pays me
A little rough with a hardcore... theme
Couldn't rough something rougher in your... dreams
Mad rugged so you know we're gonna... rip
With that roughneck nigga named 2Pacalypse
Representing YG'z yo
Flip Stretch Homicide and my nigga Gambino
Seek and Po can't forget Money Bags
Sticking up spots and jumping in Jags
Gotta get ahead and always stay bumbling
And always keep a hand on the gat
Cause a niggas straight strugglin'

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

[Majestic of Live Squad:]

I'm used to being poor, but now I'm sick of struggling
I thought about bumping, but mother-fuck juggling
I know it lasts longer, gets my pockets thicker
But I'd rather use my gun cause I get the money quicker, so bust it
Look as I cut the records hard to eject
A quick clip threw my body down uhh! it's another hit
I got energy to blast now you want the task here
Cuz of the light a motherfucker shot that ass up
But rugged and rough is how I'm stepping
Mac is the weapon, and it's always kept in
Eye on the Mac cause the dogg got it going on
If you come up stepping you'll be lit like a hick
So you better chill, cause I got too much money to get
A street thug in the motherfucking house, I'm struggling
Get drunk but I don't think
I'm just in it for the money, don't be a punk snitch
When I yank up my gun, don't run don't bitch
Cause ya know if you do, you'll be laying in a ditch
You'll get your stupid ass blown out the frame

Cause I'm playing to win, and survive in the game
I'm strugglin'

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

[2Pac:]

Big up, big up, got him in the frame, bang
Ain't nothing changed set it off I let the brains hang
 Guess who's back, to put niggas on they back
Till I call back, niggas running free better fall back
 I'm fifty niggas deep beat sleep
 with a Mossberg wrapped in my seats
three deep in my Jeep chief run with the Young Gunz
 Struggling and striving, that's how the dough come
Now get gunned by the one with the gun for the low goal
 Throw a bolo so low when I flow yo
 Much too high to read the signs, I'm blind
 Clicking on the nine, out to get mine
I go big up, big up, gotta make the room, boom
 Blowing motherfuckers to the moon
Niggas need to feel me a real G, home from the bumbling
 See me on the block, struggling
And rolling with the roughnecks nuff checks cashed
 I get in niggas ass, blast
 Straight strugglin'

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Randy Walker, Christopher Walker, Kevin Rhames

2Pac Lyrics

"Guess Who's Back"

Guess who's back?

Drop the drums, here it comes, only got
two minutes to bounce, and every second counts
 Better press REC on your deck
 Here we go, set? Pass the Moët
 My trickery's more slippery when wet
 Wicked as I flip, don't trip, get a grip
 It'll kick, if the bass line's thick, it's a hit
 Everybody's got a mic now, it's like a hobby
But more like a job, cause bootleggers tryin' to rob me!
 And little man wants to be a rap, star
 Make papes, hit skins, drive a fat car
 It ain't easy, sleazy even
 Deceivin those we believe in
 No benefits, just tricks and chicks
 Knock a pig to pick, so here's a stick to lick
 I shoot a gift, til there ain't none left
 And if I find that the track sound def
 I catch wreck till I lose my breath
 That's how it goes in the land of broke
I dispose of those, rock shows, and collect my dough
 Now I suppose I'm the bad guy, why?
 I say, "Hi," and try to stay high
 Life's a mess don't stress, test... of givin
 But be thankful that you're livin... blessed
 Guess who's back, comin back with the track supplied
 by Special Ed and Ak, comin right and exact
 I'm fightin it back but now I snap, where they at?
 When it's time to go to combat, guess who's back

[Special Ed:]

"Yes I'm back"

"2Pac is"... back!

[4x]

Drop the drums, here it comes, only got
one minute to bounce, and every second counts
I went from hustlin dicks to makin hits, bustin flicks
 Now I'm sure to be rich for ninety-six
 I pull my 'capes on tapes, and make, papes
Trace the bass, to the tape with the baddest bass to date
 I try to shake it but the pace is hard to break
 Good thoughts I wait, cause they hate my black tape
 Yeah, it's on, and it's packed in the rap race
 But if ya got a black face, it's a rat race
 I struggle to be rugged and raw, Dukes
 Tryin to survive in the trials and lawsuits
 Everybody wants to test me, WHY ME?
 No lie, niggas cried when they try me

Givin up the roughness, justice
I'mma bust as I'm rippin up 'nuff hits
And guess who's back? No longer trapped
Cause I snapped on the ones that held me back, feel the contact
Ride the track, get I grip as I flip
Ghetto wickedness I kick. Guess who's back?

[Special Ed:]

"Yes I'm back"
"2Pac is"... back!
"Yes I'm back"

"Yes I'm back, cause I never did front"

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Archer Edward K, Akshun

2Pac Lyrics

"Representin '93"

"I got a head, but ain't no screws in it"

Roll up and get swell up, hold up
How ya gonna play me like a sunkin dunkin donut?
I ain't came a long way to get checked
So give me respect when I get wreck
Or get your motherfuckin chin checked
Once again, it's your friend outta Oakland
Hoping I can rock the shit to get ya open
Say your looking for some real shit
Then catch a funkified batch
Like that!
Oakland's on the map
2Pac is on the big screen strivin
Gotta love a nigga for survivin
I wear alot of old schools jewels
Look how the fools drool, ooohh
Stop lookin at me hard cause you're buffer
But I'll just buck them bigger motherfuckers
Turnin men to suckers
Niggas wanna start a little ruckus
Better duck cause I'll be poppin' them motherfuckers
They wanna throw their hands up, that's tight
Hit em wit my eight, never had shit left, right
Then hit em wit the uppercut, duck quick
Shit outta luck, fucked and stuck with that rough shit
Fuck a pop song, fuck a video, fuck Arsenio, fuck the radio
Do you hear me though?
Give a holla to my niggas in the pen
And my murderous partners wit their Mac 10s
I represent the real cause I'm ill, G
Glock cocked the day they kill me
I'm representin'

Peace to Redman, Treach, Vin Rock, Kay Gee the great one
Mary J. Blige, Pete Rock and Troy, the late son
Heavy D, CL Smooth, and Queen Latifah
Too Short, Tony Toni Tone, LayLaw beat cuts
Ed, the special motherfucker and the Lover
The Tribe, A Tribe Called Quest, and Jungle Brothers
Das EFX, EPMD, and Ice Cube
House of Pain: funky blunted ass white dudes
Cypress Hill, yeah, the ill niggas
Digital Underground: my real niggas
Raw Fusion, Organized Konfusion
Wicked and the Mouse Man, Spice 1 and Pooh Man
TLC, Eric B., Rakim, then Scarface
Stretch, Maj, K-Low, pumpin the Squad's bass
Thorough Heads, Poonannynans, The Click
E-40, The Governor, and Richie Rich

Young Guns in the house pumpin the flava
DJ Ditch for their behavior
Off the head, my freestyle flow
Just a couple of motherfuckers that I know
I'm strictly representin

1 motherfucker, 2 motherfucker, 3 motherfuckers
Damn, who did I forget?

I'm a soulja, daddy was a soulja
Strong in the struggle
Must contend so it's on
Raised in a house full of bad motherfuckers
Mad motherfuckers
Never had so we grab from the stacked motherfuckers
Now they know me, the homies
Raised by some crazed ass well payed OG's
Ah shit!
Pulled up in a benz, snatch
The wheel as I peel out. Catch a cop's tail
Rock shells hit. Raise a fist so they know to make a hit
Can I flip it? I may get wicked as I rip it
To get specific: If the shoe fits, then kick it
It's for the gifted, pump your fist if you wit it
Here's your ticket to see Mr. Wicked rip shit
Now they wanna ban me (Told ya)
All I wanted to be was a soulja
Bang bang boogie, it's a stick up
Quit now, nigga, eat a dick up
Huh, I'm representin'

Thanks to jflo102000 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jefferson Truman Darnell

"Keep Ya Head Up" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Keep Ya Head Up"

Little something for my godson Elijah

And a little girl named Corin

Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice

I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots

I give a holla to my sisters on welfare

2Pac cares if don't nobody else care

And I know they like to beat you down a lot

When you come around the block, brothers clown a lot

But please don't cry, dry your eyes, never let up

Forgive, but don't forget, girl, keep your head up

And when he tells you you ain't nothing, don't believe him

And if he can't learn to love you, you should leave him

'Cause, sister, you don't need him

And I ain't trying to gas ya up, I just call 'em how I see 'em

You know what makes me unhappy? When brothers make babies and leave a young mother to be a pappy

And since we all came from a woman

Got our name from a woman and our game from a woman

I wonder why we take from our women

Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?

I think it's time to kill for our women

Time to heal our women, be real to our women

And if we don't we'll have a race of babies

That will hate the ladies that make the babies

And since a man can't make one

He has no right to tell a woman when and where to create one

So will the real men get up?

I know you're fed up, ladies, but keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooh, child

Things are gonna get easier

Keep ya head up, ooh, child

Things'll get brighter

Keep ya head up, ooh, child

Things are gonna get easier

Keep ya head up, ooh, child

Things'll get brighter

Ayo, I remember Marvin Gaye used to sing to me

He had me feeling like black was the thing to be

And suddenly the ghetto didn't seem so tough

And though we had it rough, we always had enough

I huffed and puffed about my curfew and broke the rules

Ran with the local crew and had a smoke or two

And I realize momma really paid the price

She nearly gave her life to raise me right

And all I had to give her was my pipe dream

Of how I'd rock the mic and make it to the bright screen
I'm trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents
It's hard to be legit and still pay the rent
And in the end it seems I'm heading for the pen
I try to find my friends, but they're blowing in the wind
Last night my buddy lost his whole family
It's gonna take the man in me to conquer this insanity
It seems the rain'll never let up
I try to keep my head up and still keep from getting wet up
You know, it's funny, when it rains it pours
They got money for wars but can't feed the poor
Say there ain't no hope for the youth
And the truth is it ain't no hope for the future
And then they wonder why we crazy
I blame my mother for turning my brother into a crack baby
We ain't meant to survive, 'cause it's a set-up
And even though you're fed up
Huh, you got to keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things are gonna get easier
Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things'll get brighter
Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things are gonna get easier
Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things'll get brighter

And uh, to all the ladies having babies on they own
I know it's kinda rough and you're feeling all alone
Daddy's long gone and he left you by your lonesome
Thank the Lord for my kids even if nobody else want 'em
'Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure
And if you fall, stand tall and comeback for more
'Cause ain't nothing worse than when your son
Wants to know why his daddy don't love him no mo'
You can't complain you was dealt this
Hell of a hand without a man, feeling helpless
Because there's too many things for you to deal with
Dying inside, but outside you're looking fearless
While tears is rolling down your cheeks
You steady hoping things don't fall down this week
'Cause if it did, you couldn't take it
And don't blame me, I was given this world, I didn't make it
And now my son's getting older and older and colder
From having the world on his shoulders
While the rich kids is driving Benz
I'm still trying to hold on to surviving friends
And it's crazy, it seems it'll never let up
But please, you got to keep your head up

Thanks to Viviana Medina for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Roger Troutman, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stan Vincent, Daryl L. Anderson

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2Pac Lyrics

"Strictly 4 My N.I.G.G.A.Z."
(feat. Pacific Heights)

[2Pac speaking:]

Yo, law!

Is it cool if a nigga just get fucked up for this one?

Yeah! Mr. Fuck-a-Cop is back

And I still don't give a fuck, yaknahmsayin'?

Puffin' on this indo

In the studio with my partners out here

Pacific Heights in the house, know what I mean

I was framed, so don't make the same mistake, nigga

You gotta learn how to shake the snakes, nigga

Cause the police love to break a nigga

Send 'em upstate cause they straight-up hate the niggas

So what I do is get a crew of zoo niggas

Straight fools into rules and do niggas

And one-time had enough of me

I'm still raw so the law can't fuck with me

They wanna send me to the pen, punk, picture that

I stay strapped, motherfuckers better get your gat

It ain't easy bein' me, I can't take it

Life as a celebrity ain't everything they make it

And ever since the movies these hoes try to do me

If they can't screw me, they find a way to sue me

Now can you picture me coolin' at a night club?

Nothin' but love, but motherfuckers wanna mean mug

Since I wear a lot of gold, they plot

Don't know what I got and get shot with the hot ones

And, aw yeah, I wanna feel guilty

But you punk motherfuckers tried to milk me

You'll get smacked behind the hill with my phone on my pager

It's beepin' while I cut you with my razor

I'm not violent, I'm petrified and nervous

I got no mercy for these niggas tryin' to serve us

But if you catch me outta pocket, then I'm got

You love to shoot a nigga but you scared to pop a cop

Now drop it

Strictly for my - strictly for my - strictly for my niggas [3x]

Strictly for my niggas, makin' G's

Reflected and disrespected, plus I'm rejected

You're just another rapper, who swears he's makin' records

That's what they said - whenever I would walk by

I never tripped though - always kept my head up high

Eventually I knew, that I would find my way

After the darkest night always comes a brighter day

And some would say, that turned away is all you'll get

I just said "Bet!," and never let 'em see me sweat

Cause in the end, I knew that I would have it all
While non-believers were prayin' for my downfall
And some would call and tell me that they wish me well
But in my heart, I'm knowin' that they wish me hell
Yo, get a real job, rappin' doesn't pay the rent
I hit the studio, cause that's where all my money went
Never surrender, it's all about the faith you've got
Don't ever stop, just push it til you hit the top
And if you drop, at least you know you gave your all
Be true to you, and that way you can never fall
But beware, these backstabbers ain't no joke
Just like a rope, they hang on you until you're broke
And when you're broke, they move onto the next dope
And there you are, can't even pay your car, nope
And when you reminisce, thinkin' how you got dissed
Remember how it felt and then remember this
Be true to you, believe that there's no one bigger
Cause they can all suck dick - it's strictly for my niggas

Strictly for my - strictly for my - strictly for my niggas [3x]

This is for the critics if you live up
Pick up my shit or I'll be back doin' stick-ups
I better see five stars next to my picture
If not, 2Pac will cop the Glock and come knockin' to get 'cha
I told you once, motherfucker, I'm a nut
Play me like a butt and you'll be bleedin' when you're fucked
Niggas know what's up but they be tryin' to hold me down
I'm comin' outta Oaktown, bitch fuck around
And it ain't where you from that makes you hardcore
Nigga it's the way you throw them thangs in the war
And to the marks that be talkin' all that shit
Screamin' out the next nigga's name like a bitch
And the niggas that I ran into recently
The motherfuckers at the club that pulled the piece on me
You little bitches shoulda pulled the fuckin' trigga
Now you live in fear of a heartless-ass nigga
Mr. Troublesome; niggas tried to play me with the gat
But like Terminator, nigga, I'll be back
Yeah! And I'll be back with a fuckin' army
You tried to harm me - ring the alarm, G
Cause most motherfuckers love to act up
Without they backup
When they get jacked up they crack up
It's strictly for my niggas at the show
So they know, not to play me like a ho
Strictly for my...

Strictly for my - strictly for my - strictly for my niggas [3x]

"The Streetz R Deathrow" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"The Streetz R Deathrow"

Growing up as an inner city brotha
Where every other had a pops and a mothah
I was the product of a heated lover.
Nobody knew how deep it screwed me
And since my pops never knew me
My family didn't know what to do with me.
Was I somebody they despised?
Curious look in they eyes
As if they wonder if I'm dead or alive
And poor momma can't control me
"Quit tryin' to save my soul, I wanna roll with my homies!"
A ticken timebomb, can't nobody fade me
Packin' a 380 and fiendin' for Mercedes
Suckers scatter but it don't matter I'm a cool shot
Punks drop from all the buckshots the fools got
I'm tired of being a nice guy
I've been poor all my life, but don't know quite why
So they label me a lunatic
Could care less death or success
Is what I quest 'cause I'm fearless
Now the streets are deathrow
('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow.
[2x]

I just murdered a man, I'm even more stressed wearin' a vest
Hopin' that they're aimin' at my chest
Much too young to bite the bullet
Hand on the tricga
I see my life before my eyes each time I pull it
I hope I live to be a man
Must be part of some big plan to keep a brotha in the state pen
Counting pennys over the years I'd done stacked many
Proving wrong those
Who swore I'd wouldn't live till twenty
Now they gotta cope
Since it's the only thing I know
It's difficult to let it go
I'm startin' to lose my hair 'cause I worry
Hustlin' to keep from gettin' buried
But now I gotta move away now
'Cause these suckers love ta' spray where I lay down
My homie lost his family, he snapped;
Shot up half the block to bring them back
The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow.

[2x]

I'm dangerous when drunk I only drink beer

Gin makes me sin

Unable to think clear

Henessey makes me think my enemy is getting close

BOOM BOOM BOOM

Got me shooting at a ghost

Some call me crazy but this is what you gave me

Amongst the babies who raised up from the slavery

I sport a vest and hit the sess to kill the stress

Moved out west and I invest in all the best

Those who test will find a bullet in they chest

Put to rest by a brotha who was hopeless

Grow up broke on the rope of insanity

How many pistols smoking coming from a broken family

I'm sick of being tired

Sick of the sirens, body bags, and the gun firing

Tell Bush, "Push the button!" 'cause I'm fed

Tired of hearin' these voices in my head

The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow.

[2x]

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')

This goes out to my partners in the Live Squad

(like it ain't nothin')

And all my partners involved in that 187

Watch your back

('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')

There got to be a better way

('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')

There's too many of us in the cemetery

('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')

Come on, what we gonna do now

('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')

The streets are deathrow

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2Pac Lyrics

"I Get Around"

(feat. Money B, Shock G)

[2Pac:]

Aw, yeah, I get around
Still clown with the Underground
When we come around
Stronger than ever

[2Pac:]

Back to get wreck, all respect
To those who break their neck to keep their hoes in check
'Cause, oh, they sweat a brother majorly
And I don't know why your girl keeps pagin' me
She tell me that she needs me, cries when she leaves me
And every time she sees me
She squeeze me—lady, take it easy!
Hate to sound sleazy, but tease me
I don't want it if it's that easy
Ayo, bust it, baby got a problem, saying "bye-bye"
Just another hazard of a fly guy
You ask "Why?", don't matter! My pockets got fatter
Now everybody's lookin' for the latter
And ain't no need in being greedy, if you wanna see me
Dial the beeper number, baby, when you need me
And I'll be there in a jiffy
Don't be picky, just be happy with this quickie
But when you learn you can't tie me down
Baby doll, check it out: I get around

What you mean you don't know? I get around

The Underground just don't stop for hoes, I get around
Still down with the Underground, I get around
Yeah, ayo, Shock, let them hoes know!

[Shock G:]

Now you can tell from my everyday fits I ain't rich
So cease and desist with them tricks
I'm just another black man caught up in the mix
Tryin' to make a dollar out of 15 cents (A dime and a nickel)
Just 'cause I'm a freak don't mean that we could hit the sheets
Baby, I can see that you don't recognize me
I'm Shock G: the one who put the satin on your panties
Never knew a hooker that could share me; I get around

[Money B:]

What's up, love? How you doin'?
Well, I've been hangin', sangin', tryin' to do my thang
Oh, you heard that I was bangin'
Your homegirl you went to school with?
That's cool, but did she tell you about her sister?
And your cousin thought I wasn't

See, weekends were made for Michelob
But it's a Monday, my day, so just let me hit it, yo
And don't mistake my statement for a clown
We can keep in the down low
Long as you know that I get around

What you mean you don't know? I get around
The Underground just don't stop for hoes, I get around
Still down with the Underground, I get around
Yeah, ayo, Shock, let them hoes know!

[2Pac:]

Finger tips on the hips as I dip
Gotta get a tight grip, don't slip; loose lips sink ships
It's a trip, I love the way she licks her lips, see me jockin'
Put a little twist in her hips 'cause I'm watchin'
Conversations on the phone 'til the break of dawn
Now we're all alone: why the lights on?
Turn them off! Time to set it off, get you wet and soft
Somethin' is on your mind, let it off
You don't know me, you just met me, you won't let me
Well, if I couldn't have it (silly rabbit) why you sweatin' me?
It's a lot of real G's doin' time
'Cause a groupie bent the truth and told a lie
You picked the wrong guy, baby, if you're too fly
You need to hit the door, search for a new guy
'Cause I only got one night in town
Break out or be clowned, baby doll, are you down? I get around

Thanks to Steve Abel for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jacobs Gregory E, Troutman Roger, Murdock Shirley J, Troutman Larry, Brooks Ronald R

2Pac Lyrics

"Papa'z Song"
(feat. Wycked)

[2Pac:]
Daddy's home...

Heh, so?
You say that like that means something to me
You've been gone a mighty long motherfuckin time
For you to be comin home talkin that "daddy's home" shit (nigga)
We been gettin along fine just without you
Me, my brother, and my mother
So if you don't mind, you can step the FUCK off, POPS... fuck you!

[2Pac:]
Had to play catch by myself, what a sorry sight
A pitiful plight, so I pray for a starry night
Please send me a pops before puberty
The things I wouldn't do to see a piece of family unity
Moms always work, I barely see her
I'm startin to get worried without a pops I'll grow to be her
It's a wonder they don't understand kids today
So when I pray, I pray I'll never grow to be that way
And I hope that he answers me
I heard God don't like ugly well take a look at my family
A different father every weekend
Before we get to meet him they break up before the week ends
I'm gettin sick of all the friendships
As soon as we kick it he done split and the whole shit ends quick
How can I be a man if there's no role model?
Strivin to save my soul I stay cold drinkin a forty bottle
I'm so sorry...

I'm so sorry
For all this time (I'm so sorry)
For all this time
For all this time (don't lie)
I'm so sorry
For all this time (so, sorry)
For all this time
For all this time, so sorry baby!

[Wycked:]
Moms had to entertain many men;
Didn't wanna do it but it's time to pay the rent again.
I'm gettin a bit older and I'm startin to be a bother;
Moms can't stand me cause I'm lookin like my father
Should I stay or run away? Tell me the answer
Moms ignores me and avoids me like cancer
Grow up rough and it's hard to understand stuff
Moms was tough cause his papa wasn't man enough;
Couldn't stand up to his own responsibilities

Instead of takin care of me, he'd rather live lavishly
That's why I'll never be a father;
Unless you got the time it's a crime; don't even bother
(That's when I started hatin' the phony smiles
Said I was an only child)
Look at mama's lonely smile!
It's hard for a son to see his mother cry
She only loves you, but has to fuck with these other guys
I'm so sorry...

I'm so sorry
For all this time (I'm so sorry)
For all this time
For all this time (don't lie)
I'm so sorry
For all this time (so, sorry)
For all this time
For all this time, so sorry baby!

[2Pac:]

Man child in the promised land couldn't afford many heroes
Moms was the only one there my pops was a no-show
And ohh -I guess ya didn't know
That I would grow to be so strong
Lookin kinda pale, was it the ale or pops was wrong?
Where was the money that you said, you would send me
Talked on the phone and you sounded so friendly
Ask about school and my welfare
But it's clear, you ain't sincere hey who the hell cares
You think I'm blind but this time I see you comin, Jack!
You grabbed your coat, left us broke, now ain't no runnin back
Ask about my moms like you loved her from the start
Left her in the dark, she fell apart from a broken heart
So don't even start with that "Born to be a father" shit
Don't even bother with your dollars I don't need it
I'll bury moms like you left me: all alone, G
Now that I finally found you, stay the fuck away from me
You're so sorry

I'm so sorry
For all this time (I'm so sorry)
For all this time
For all this time (don't lie)
I'm so sorry
For all this time (so, sorry)
For all this time
For all this time, so sorry baby!

[2Pac impersonating his father:]

I never meant to leave but I was wanted
Crossed too many people every house I'd touch was haunted
Had to watch the strangers every brother was a danger;
If I wanted to to keep you breathin, had to be out of range-a
Had to move on, done lost my name and picked a number
Made me watch my back I had no happy home to run to
Maybe it's my fault for being a father livin fast

But livin slow, mean half the dough, and you won't get no ass
Hindsight shows me it was wrong all along
I wanted to make some dough so you would grow to be so strong
It took a little longer than I thought
I slipped, got caught, and sent to jail by the courts
Now I'm doin time and I wish you'd understand
All I ever wanted was for you to be a man
And grow to be the titan you was meant to be
Keep the war fightin by the writings that you sent to me
I'm so sorry...

I'm so sorry
For all this time (I'm so sorry)
For all this time
For all this time (don't lie)
I'm so sorry
For all this time (so, sorry)
For all this time
For all this time, so sorry baby!

2Pac Lyrics

"5 Deadly Venomz"

(feat. Live Squad, Treach, Apache)

[2Pac talking:]

[*laughs*] We're going platinum nigga, we going platinum

[2Pac:]

Yeah, you got the Live Squad in this motherfucker
We get my nigga Treach from Naughty By Nature up in this motherfucker

[Stretch:]

My nigga Apache up in this motherfucker

[2Pac:]

My Mossberg goes boom, gimme room, can I catch it
Talkin' quicker then a vic that's tryin' to keep from gettin' blasted
I had enough I put a hit upon them bastards
Boo-ya, turn this Benz into a casket
Now they after me, prowling for a niggas bucks
Time to see, who's the G, with the bigger nuts
Buck buck, big up and livin' reckless
Niggas with a death wish step in with a TEC and I'll wet this
Yeah this shit is hyper
True to what I'm writing, representing and I'm striking like a viper
Huh, I got my mind made up, I got my nine
Ring the alarm, and strong arm what's mine
Some niggas need to feel me with a passion
I'm old fashioned, run up on me, nigga, and get blasted
With five deadly venomz

(Yeah 'Pac, fuck that, still hittin' 'em up with
that old deadly shit. Aiyyo Treach where you at?
Step up and hit they ass up with the wickedness.)

[Treach:]

We come to hit you with a sock full of Brooklyn
to the Onyx of your nose, punk is funky like skunk blunts
Stunk like funk cunt
I come to take you on a war rough and rugged route
And if another doubts I blow your fuckin' mother out
And after she's crossed out
I shout, "I'm de MC wit de nasty mouf!" and kick the bitch out
Sue me? I pay the lawyer for ya oh boy yeah
Plus my style's ten to twenty fuckin' pounds more
I take you quicker than a picture of a punk ya pickin' shit
Pickin' pockets with a razor stoppin' Russian rockets
Not shoplift, I'm liftin' shop
Once you sound hot, 'cause if you ain't a perfect ten
my sign is stop!
It's twenty mother-crooked-fuckin' styles in 'em
Like women I did 'em I'm in for deadly ready venom

[Stretch of Live Squad:]

Yeah, as I take a puff I get rough, Big Mad
To put it on, can't none come tougher see
I'm down with the sound of the Squad hard, boom!
Breakin' 'em down, I make 'em see their doom
Coming straight from the dome where I roam it's a job to
Rob and steal and runnin' from the coppers
Who hold a, boulder, turn the gun controller
Started from a punk now to be a high roller
Youngest, reckless, crazy, disaster
Mac-11 blaster, and I run faster
Than a lot of cops I can't be stopped till my head gets popped
A lot of fuckin' bodies will drop
It's a disaster, I'm coming for the blood splatter
I make 'em scatter, leavin' trails of brains and bladders
Blowin' 'em out the frame with no shame
Game tight, drop a body then get out of sight
Count my loot after I shoot, leave my kicks up and it's
Something I don't wanna do, something that I never did
I try to get him, I think I hit 'em, I lit him
He's out! A poison, a deadly venom

(Yeah Mad, fuck that! You know how we do
Knowhatl'msayin? Squad in effect, YG'z in effect
Now you know a nigga like me gotta represent)

[Majestic of Live Squad:]

Once again, back to rip shit, quick on the flip tip
The psycho, represent the real to take the mic flow
Deadly, rock a head G, check the melody
Niggas can't touch me when I wreckin' G you better flee
'Cause I'm gifted with a jab and a forty-four Mag
So nigga flip or take a trip in a body bag
Uhh, boom you slipped up, now you're zipped up
Yeah one more statistic, fronted and got ripped up
No joke, you be yolk, no matter how it sound
We're taking all fake niggas back to the stomping grounds
Line 'em up single file, dome runnin' in 'em
A nigga hit 'em with the venom, the fourth deadly venom

(Nigga, yaknowhatl'msayin? Fuck that!
I told you, we takin' over, yo 'Pac.)

[2Pac:]

Five deadly venomz verse five be the livet
Strugglin' and strive, keep a nine in my waistline
Take mine, you better bury me, G
Punk ass niggas don't even worry me, see
I got a glock that say 'Pac run the block
Fuck the cops 'cause my gauge gets me... PAID
As I sit and reminisce about the old days
Hugging on my AK, fuck getting played, hey
I say niggas need to get they mind right
Until they do I pop a clip and grip my nine tight
Now it's on everyday could be my last day
That's why I blast on they ass as I passed let the glass spray.

First you had a mouth full of fronts
Now your mouth's full of chunks, Pac's out puffin' blunts
Deadly venomz

(Hahaha, yeah pass that shit over here
Apache bout to clean shit up.)

[Apache:]

Throw up your middle finger! Start the track for the maniac
Only thing I'm givin out is black donuts and dirty backs
Let me tell how you rough I get
I pop shit behind your back get in your face and pop the same shit
You can't get in because my gate's bigger I'mma snake nigga
My act guards me so hard I pull the fuckin' trigger
I'm a cinch in a clinch, your punch is like a pinch.
Test the rhyme I'll knock your hairline back an inch
Fuckin' up pooh-butts, cut 'em like cold cuts
Choke 'em with my boot lace, then leave 'em hangin' like old nuts
Clip up and move out, time to get 'em
That's the results of fuckin with the fifth venom in denim

(Yeah, yaknowhatl'msayin?
Five motherfuckin deadly venomz, in effect for ninety-three
Ninety-four ninety-five all that other shit
We takin this motherfucker over this larger hit
Yaknowhatl'msayin? Follow us, come along. Yaknowhatl'msayin?
We takin this motherfucker over. TRUST. We out.)